The Fury

The Pyronauts

Forward on, just go on
Direction less, rush for close by
Before species specific-motion
No change for equilibrium, stopFetid, persistent stench of the race
Rushes in every slot
Sticking all together into a mass
I hate you, I hate us
You know what I mean? Fuck offThis world stigma cries out on your forehead
Anti-God prepares your own personal void
The only way to equilibrium
Kill yourself, but

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